



The Maids Comfort:

K O R,

The kinde young Man, who, as many haue said,
Sweet comfort did yeeld to a comfortlesse Maid.

To a pleasant new Tune.



Downe in a Garden sits my dearest Loue,
Her skin more white then is the Downe of Swan,
More tender-hearted then the Turtle-Doue,
And farre more kinde then is the Pellican:
I courted her; she blushing, rose and said,
Why was I borne to liue and dye a Maid?

If that be all your griefe, my Sweet, said I,
I soone shall ease you of your care and paine,
Yeelding a meane to cure your miserie,
That you no more shall cause haue to complaine:
Then be content, Sweeting, to her I said,
Be rul'd by me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

A Medicine for thy griefe I can procure,
Then wape no more (my Sweet) in discontent,
My loue to thee for euer shall endure,
He giue no cause whereby thou shouldst repent
The Patch we make: for I will constant proue
To thee my Sweeting, and my dearest Loue.

Then sigh no more, but wipe thy watry eyes,
Be not perplext, my Honey, at the heart,
Thy beautie doth my heart and thoughts surpise,
Then yeeld me loue, to end my burning smart:
Shrinke not from me, my bonny Loue, I said,
For I haue bow'd, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Pitty it were, so faire a one as you,
Adorn'd with Natures chiefest Ornamentes,
Should languish thus in paine, I tell you true;
Yeelding in loue, all danger still preuent:
Then seeme not coy, nor Loue be not afraid,
But yeeld to me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Yeeld me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
For I am now tormented at the heart,
My affection's pure, my loue to thee is great,
Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart:
I loue thee deare, and shall doe euermore,
O pittie me, for loue I now inioyle.

For her I pluckt a pretty Parigold,
Whose leaues shut vp euen with the Euening Sunne,
Saying, Sweet-heart, looke now and doe behold
A pretty Riddle here in't to be showne:
This Lease shut in, euen like a Cloystred Nunne,
Yet will it open, when it feelles the Sunne.

What meane you by this Riddle, Sir, she said:
I pray expound it. Then he thus began:
Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids:
With that, she chang'd her colour, and lookt wan,
Since you this Riddle to me so well haue told,
Be you my Sunne, Ile be your Parigold.

W. b. 28. 240.



The Maids Comfort:

K O R,

The kinde young Man, who, as many haue said,
Sweet comfort did yeeld to a comfortlesse Maid.

To a pleasant new Tune.



Downe in a Garden sits my dearest Loue,
Her skin more white then is the Downe of Swan,
More tender-hearted then the Turtle-Doue,
And farre more kinde then is the Pellican:
I courted her; she blushing, rose and said,
Why was I borne to liue and dye a Maid?

If that be all your griefe, my Sweet, said I,
I soone shall ease you of your care and paine,
Yeelding a meane to cure your miserie,
That you no more shall cause haue to complaine:
Then be content, Sweeting, to her I said,
Be rul'd by me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

A Medicine for thy griefe I can procure,
Then wape no more (my Sweet) in discontent,
My loue to thee for euer shall endure,
He giue no cause whereby thou shouldst repent
The Patch we make: for I will constant proue
To thee my Sweeting, and my dearest Loue.

Then sigh no more, but wipe thy watry eyes,
Be not perplext, my Honey, at the heart,
Thy beautie doth my heart and thoughts surpise,
Then yeeld me loue, to end my burning smart:
Shrinke not from me, my bonny Loue, I said,
For I haue bow'd, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Pitty it were, so faire a one as you,
Adorn'd with Natures chiefest Ornamentes,
Should languish thus in paine, I tell you true;
Yeelding in loue, all danger still preuent:
Then seeme not coy, nor Loue be not afraid,
But yeeld to me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Yeeld me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
For I am now tormented at the heart,
My affection's pure, my loue to thee is great,
Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart:
I loue thee deare, and shall doe euermore,
O pittie me, for loue I now inioyle.

For her I pluckt a pretty Parigold,
Whose leaues shut vp euen with the Euening Sunne,
Saying, Sweet-heart, looke now and doe behold
A pretty Riddle here in't to be showne:
This Lease shut in, euen like a Cloystred Nunne,
Yet will it open, when it feelles the Sunne.

What meane you by this Riddle, Sir, she said:
I pray expound it. Then he thus began:
Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids:
With that, she chang'd her colour, and lookt wan,
Since you this Riddle to me so well haue told,
Be you my Sunne, Ile be your Parigold.

W. B. 28. 240.

The Second part.

To the same Tune.



I Gave consent, and thereto did agree
To sport with her within that lovely Bower :
I pleased her, and she likewise pleas'd mee,
Love found such pleasures in a Golden Shower.
Our Sports being ended, then she blushing, said,
I haue my wish, for now I am no paid.

But, Sir (quoth she) from me you must not part,
Your companie so well I doe affect,
My lone you haue, now you haue woon my heart,
Your louing selfe for euer I respect :
Then goe not from me, gentle Sir, quoth shee,
Tis death to part, my gentle Loue, from thee.

The kindnesse you, good Sir, to me haue shewne,
Shall neuer be forgot, whiles I life remaines :
Grant me thy loue, and I will be thine owne,
Peeld her reliefe, that now for loue complaines :
O leaue me not, to languish in despaire,
But stay with me, to ease my heart of care.

Your Parigold for euer I will be,
Be you my Sunne, tis all I doe desire,
Your beaming Beames peeld comfort vnto me,
My loue to you is seruent and entire :
Let yours, good Sir, I pray be so to me,
For I hold you my chiefe felicitie.

Content within your companie I finde,
Peeld me some comfort, gentle Sir, I pray,
To ease my griefe and my tormented minde ;
My loue is firme, and neuer shall decay :
So constant still (my Sweet) Ile proue to you,
Loyall in thoughts, my loue shall still be true.

Content thy selfe (quoth he) my onely Deare,
In loue to thee I will remaine as pure
As Turtle to her Mate ; to thee I sweare,
My constant loue for euer shall endure :
Then weepe no more, sweet comfort Ile thee peeld,
Thy beauctious Face my heart with loue hath fill'd.

Comfort she found, and straight was made a Wife,
It was the onely thing she did desire :
And she enioyes a Man loues her as I life,
And will doe euer, till his date expire.
And this for truth, report hath to me told,
He is her Sunne, and she his Parigold.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocks.